



THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE.—Monday, Kearns' St. Ann's Orphanage entertainment; Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday matinee, Effie Ellsler in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

THE GRAND.—Tonight, First Regimental Band Concert; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday matinee, "Human Hearts"; Thursday and Friday, "Man From Mexico"; Saturday, McLaughlin and Root wrestling match.

THE theatrical world will await with lively interest the outcome of a suit filed by an English actor against one of the London dailies for an alleged libel in the criticism of his work. The critic said very frankly that the gentleman's performance was absolutely without merit; that he failed to realize the requirements of the part, and that the play would be very much better off without him.



EFFIE ELLSLER IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

is accepted in this country—two very big "ifs" by the way—it is easy to foresee an endless amount of trouble. Any "ham" who is properly told that his place is back by the water tank will promptly file a suit for damages, and get them, too—maybe. There will be no protection for the public whatever.

Every dramatic criticism, with the fear of a libel suit hanging over the paper, will be a favorable criticism. The cheapest melodrama and the most costly production will fare alike. The first magnitude star and the lunch route tourist will look alike to the man who reports their performances. Truly that is a brilliant prospect for the theatrical profession, but the public will be let off in the muddiest middle of the block where there is no crossing.

However, there is at least one way out of the difficulty. The newspapers can refuse to print any criticisms whatever of inferior productions. That would bring the gentlemen to time in short order, for, after all, the average actor would rather be "roasted" than passed without any notice at all.

Has anybody ever stepped to figure out the amount of money that is tak-

en out of Salt Lake every season by theatrical companies? A little conservative figuring easily shows that the aggregate runs into very tidy figures. For the sake of the illustration, let us say that the season begins Sept. 1 and runs until April 1. It is really longer than that, but we want to be on the safe side.

For seven months of the year the average number of performances in the Salt Lake theatre is easily fifteen. That makes a total of 105 performances. Let us figure these performances on the basis of an average of \$500 each. This is certainly well within the bounds of reason because more companies in the Salt Lake theatre will take in over \$500 a performance than will take in a less amount.

A little multiplication, therefore, shows that patrons of the Salt Lake theatre pay \$52,500 during the course of a season for their entertainment. Runs into money very rapidly, doesn't it? There's a very comfortable fortune if you happen to be a poor man. Yet it is not all Salt Lake pays for theatricals by a good deal.

There's the Grand. This has been a particularly successful season at that playhouse. We cannot figure the Grand on the basis of the theatre, for there are more performances at the Grand. For seven months of the year the average will easily be twenty. That makes 140 in all. It is very conservative to place the Grand takings at \$250 a performance. Usually that amount is well under the real figures. A hundred and forty performances at \$250 each make the handsome total of \$35,000.

So the grand total in a season can hardly be less than \$87,500.

The return engagement played by Miss Floren Ceforberts and her capable company at the Salt Lake theatre last week brings up the old question: Are such plays as "Camille," "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," "Zaza" and "Magdalen" worth while? The question opens a limitless field for debate, but in the end most of the play-goers will confess that they would rather see Miss Roberts do something else.

The one bright spot in the week was her presentation of "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Here we had pure comedy. Miss Roberts surprised many of her admirers by the readiness with which she adapted herself to the part, and most of them came away wishing that she would offer more of mirth and less of misery.

Miss Roberts herself says: "The question is asked me so often. The reviews are immoral, no doubt, but the plays

practically continuous, for she played all last summer in San Francisco.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow," says the old proverb. This holds good in the case of Campbell brothers, showmen. A little more than ten years ago the Campbell brothers were practicing tumbling in a small way on a hay now at Fairbury, Neb. They always had a crowd of admiring yokels around them, and when one day a patent medicine fakir came to town and lost his troupe through inability to pay its members, the Campbell brothers were recommended to him.

He engaged them, and that was their start in the show business. The medicine stunt lasted several years. Then the boys bought an ancient elephant, a moth-eaten camel and a red wagon. Today their show fills twenty-five big spectacle freight cars, and they give a performance that people go a long way to see. The Campbells are coming to Salt Lake in the summer.

"Corianton" is getting some very good notices on the coast. The following, which is a fair sample, is from the San Francisco Chronicle:

"A very interesting and picturesque production is 'Corianton' at the California theatre this week. The story is taken from the Book of Mormon, and put into dramatic form by Grayson Bean. Quite an earnest and sincere attempt, which is very successful, has been made to present the plot with fitting dignity, and the old environment makes the not unfamiliar dramatic situations something of a novelty. There is no overambitious spirit in the work. As a rule it is all simple and direct, with dialogue just strong enough to carry it, and in many places most creditably, development of dramatic climaxes. The Aztec scenery may or may not be accurate, but it is surely novel and attractive. The company playing it are not all as good as might be, and Mr. Bean falls down on his comedy somewhat. The leading characters, Corianton, the wayward son; Shiblon, the righteous son, the high priest, Settember, the Zoroastrian and Korbar, are very well played. Alphonse Ethier is quite a good heroic actor and leaves a strong impression behind him in Corianton. A sympathetic performance is given by Ida Due, and Helen Boyer shows ability in the siren. The Black Pearl ballet introduced is not brilliantly successful, but as a whole for a play which is not easy to do in just the right key, the people give a representation worth seeing."

The well known local playwright, Frank Matlese, has just completed what competent critics pronounce an extremely clever comedy. He calls it "The Wrong Mrs. Appleton," and it will be presented by local talent at the Grand on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights of next week, with a matinee on Saturday. Mr. Matlese deals with the mother-in-law, that is, the stage mother-in-law, in an original manner.

A young man conceives the notion of marrying his mother-in-law to a rich old bachelor who is a guest at the young man's home. The mother-in-law, returning from a trip abroad, is unexpectedly delayed and writes to her children, informing them of the fact. Thereupon the young man, extremely desirous of getting the bachelor's money for the family, manufactures a mother-in-law.

A friend consents to play the part and enters into it most ardently. While his fun is at its height the real mother-in-law arrives and the complications that ensue are said to be extremely ludicrous.

STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS.
Chauncey Olcott tells the following good story: A friend of his approached a well known New York physician and said: "Do you know that a morning newspaper in this city publishes every day a list of the names of people who will never trade at So-and-So's (naming a prominent department store), again?" "No, you don't say. Why, I should think that would be ground for a damage suit." "Well, you see," replied the gentleman, "the names are under the heading 'Died Yesterday.'"

After the opening performance of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" in Brooklyn last week, the veteran actor, J. H. Stoddard, was shouldering his way through the raging blizzard toward the ferry to return to his New York flat, when the manager of the company encountered him and noting the snow-clad figure, said:

"Mr. Stoddard, you ought not to be out in such a storm as this."

The 78-year-old actor laughed sturdily.

"Why, my boy," said he, "I like it. Makes me feel like I was a boy again in the highlands of Scotland. I never miss a chance to get out in a real good bit of weather. It warms the blood."

And the actor of the old school entered the ferry house and shook the snow from him like a schoolboy after a snowball battle on the playground.

It seems that recently at some social function when the orchestra played "Mr. Dooley" Comte Robert de Montequin jumped up and stood respectfully until, looking around, he was surprised to see that all the other guests present had remained seated. "What!" exclaimed the comte. "Isn't it the custom here to stand when the national anthem is played? Surely 'Yankee Doodle' must be very popular with the American people, for I have heard it every day and everywhere since my arrival!"

Grand opera stars relax sometimes and laugh and chaff like less lofty artistic people. Everybody on the Metropolitan opera house stage is laughing gleefully at the latest mot of Miss Carrie Bridgwell, the wildest singer on Impresario Grant's payroll. It seems that all the unwed-tenors and baritone of the opera company, and even the big bachelor basso, have the unalloyed and pleasing habit of casting themselves at Miss Bridgwell's feet at rehearsals and begging the handsome contralto to name the day.

To all their prayers, their threats of suicide and similar tragedies, Miss Bridgwell turns a deaf ear.

A few days ago two bachelors of the organization knelt before her and in a beautiful duet implored the cruel fair one to explain why she so obdurately declined to wed.

"Pooh! Why should I marry?" demanded Miss Bridgwell.

"I own a parrot who swears, and a cat who stays out at night, and what does anyone possessing these two gifted treasures want of a husband?"

Whereupon the baritone, who is said to have a pretty little gift of profanity, and the tenor, who is suspected of keeping most improper hours, rose from their knees amid the howls of the company.

At the Hotel Touraine, Boston.

whence Frank McKee has lately come, he introduced one or two novelties in enterprise about which Beantown's staid citizens are still talking. Requiring a bell boy one afternoon, he pushed the button in his room and received word that no bell boy was available at the moment.

"Can't wait," awfully busy man," replied Mr. McKee, curtly. "Get me a messenger boy."

The messenger boy was summoned, and Mr. McKee immediately pressed him into service to bring ice water and other little refreshments such as the tired traveler sometimes requires.

When he asked for his bill at the termination of his stay he shocked and grieved the head clerk by cautioning him to deduct the messenger boy's fee from his bill.

"Do you mean it?" asked the clerk. "Every word of it," replied Mr. McKee, "and be sudden about it."

E. H. Sothern, when he is not engaged in the arduous roles of Hamlet, and

francols Villon, is turning his attention to literary work. Sothern's has just accepted a poem from his pen, and in last month's issue of Frank Leslie's Monthly Magazine appears an essay on Joseph Jefferson which is of unusual interest and value. And well may we ask, what is the matter with the present generation of players? Perhaps, though, in this day of 'big things' from the organization of trusts to the staging of plays, it is not so much necessary to assert one's self more or suffer the humiliation of being thrust into the rear ranks.

"It wasn't so in Jefferson's day. An actor took his art seriously then, and did not depend to such an extent upon scenic embellishments and the graceful exaggeration of a press man ahead."

The art of Joseph Jefferson does not strike you in the face and demand your approval or your life. It reaches out across the footlights and puts its arms around your neck, draws you close to its heart and comforts you. Just the reward of practicing the gentle art of acting—and what a gentle art it is—when practiced by gentilefolk."

There is a very kindly sentiment—

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something quite unusual, it is generally supposed—among the various stars of the Frohman forces. For instance, E.

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GRAND THEATRE

JONES & HAMMER, Mgrs.

PRICES: Night, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee, 25c.

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Matinee Wednesday at 3 p. m.

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